

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 23—VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1809.

NO. 1062

## MISTRUST;

OR,

## BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT:

### A FEUDAL ROMANCE.

(In Continuation.)

But how was he to obtain this interview? Blanche was not to visit the grotto, till informed of his return by Sir Leonard, and he had positively refused to interfere any further in the business. He in vain looked round for some other friend to render him this service; and after much deliberation, he determined, that under pretence of disposing of her ware at the castle, the young Barbara might easily deliver a letter to Blanche. He, therefore, hastened once more to the cottage in the wood. His liberality soon induced the girl to undertake the commission. Writing materials were procured at the next village; and Barbara soon departed with a most pressing letter; for the answer to which he determined to wait at the cottage.

But Blanche was no longer mistress of her actions. In the height of their indignation at Ottokar's murder, her parents had insisted upon her renouncing all thoughts of an union with Osbright of Frankheim. Her heart would not allow her to make this renunciation. She protested against the injustice of implicating the son in the father's guilt, and avowed the impossibility of withdrawing her affections. —Ulrica, whose passions were violent, and whose understanding was not strong, was highly indignant at her daughter's disobedience; declared that she would see her no more till she was awakened to a proper sense of her duty, and ordered her to be confined in her own apartment. As to Gustavus, though he disapproved in his heart of such compulsory measures, yet having entirely given up the management of Blanche to his wife hitherto, he forbore on this occasion also to interfere with her orders.

Willingly would the poor Blanche have complied with her lover's request for a last parting interview, to which he had confined himself in his letter, thinking the plan of elopement more likely to be adopted by her, if presented without allowing her time for consideration: but how was that compliance to be effected? She was a captive, and could not leave her apartment, much less the castle. In this dilemma she resolved to appeal to her nurse, the only person who had access to her, and one who had ever shown towards her the affection of a mother.

The good woman at first remonstrated loudly against the impropriety of her lady's quitting her father's home clandestinely, and insisted upon the danger of her being encountered by the emissaries of the Count of Frankheim, from whose bloody designs she had so lately and so narrowly escaped. But the prayers and tears of Blanche conquered all resistance; and on her promising to be absent but a single hour,

and to wear such a disguise, as must effectually prevent her being recognized either by friend or foe, Margaret consented to assist her temporary evasion.

Her son, a young peasant, was at that time on a visit to her, and resident in the castle. His stature was nearly the same as that of Blanche: it was accordingly agreed, that Margaret should procure permits on for him to take leave of his young mistress, who was also his foster-sister, previous to his quitting the castle; that Blanche arrayed in a suit of his clothes, might easily elude the vigilance of her guards, while he remained concealed in her apartment till her return; for which, his being supposed to have remembered something of importance to say to his mother, would afford a plausible reason; and that, as the late occurrences had caused the private passage to be shut up, Barbara should wait near the draw-bridge to conduct Blanche to the grotto by a path through the woods, by which means she would be less exposed to observation and discovery, than if obliged to traverse the usual and beaten road. Blanche adopted this plan with eagerness, and rewarded her kind nurse for her invention with a thousand benedictions and caresses; but as this discussion had lasted till the approach of night, it was agreed to defer the interview till the succeeding evening.

This being arranged, Barbara hastened back to the cottage with a letter, whose assurances of undiminished affection filled the heart of Osbright with hope, joy, and gratitude. To prevent by his presence even the possibility of danger, he engaged to meet Barbara near the draw-bridge at the appointed hour; and he now sought the villager, to whose care he had entrusted his wounded horse, and from whom he had borrowed a sorry beast for his excursion to the Castle of Kleeborn. He found his courier perfectly recovered, rewarded the villager's attention, and he now resolved to return to Frankheim; where his plans made it necessary for him to furnish himself with gold and jewels for the expenses of his journey, in case of his departure for the Holy Land, or for the sustenance of his wife, in case he should be so fortunate as to prevail on Blanche to accompany him on his proposed flight. His course was again directed to St. John's Chapel; where the intelligence communicated by Father Peter, respecting Ottokar's murder, Eugene's illness, and the state of Frankheim Castle, confirmed him in the prudence of his determinations. He saw that under the present circumstances, there was no hopes of getting his father to countenance his affection for the daughter of Gustavus; but his knowledge of Magdalena's character, and of the warm undeviating affection she had ever borne him, convinced him that he ran no danger of her betraying him, should he venture to confess to her his love and his designs; and if they were once made known to her, she would assist his wishes to the very utmost of her power. Accordingly he requested Father Peter to convey a letter to the Countess, which must be delivered with the greatest secrecy into her own hands; in this he disclosed to her his irrevocable vows to Blanche, entreating her to

use every means to soften his father's heart towards the family of Orrenberg, and finally requested her to transmit to him, by the bearer, a casket containing gold and some jewels of value, which she would find in a particular part of his bed-chamber.

The good Friar, though still ignorant of the name of his young guest, was too much fascinated by his manners and conversation, to refuse him any honest service; accordingly, without requiring to have his curiosity gratified by an explanation of its nature, he readily accepted the commission, and departed with the letter for the Castle of Frankheim.

## CHAP. X.

Horror and doubt distract  
His troubled thoughts, and in his bosom stir  
The hell within him.—Now conscience wakes despair  
Which slumbered; wakes the bitter memory  
Of what he was, what is, and what must be,  
Worse; of worse deeds, worse suffering must ensue.  
MILTON.

Asker had satiated itself with blood; the tempest was past; the voice of conscience could now be heard again, and dreadful was its sound in the ears of the guilty Rudiger. Blinded by passion, he had persuaded himself, that in putting Ottokar to death he had exercised a just retaliation for the murder of his herald; but now that the illusion was dissipated, he shuddered at perceiving that the two actions wore a very different aspect. Gustavus, at least, had given no positive orders for the one; but no such excuse could be alledged for the other; the one at least was sudden, and might have occurred through accident; the other was premeditated, and could only have happened through design; again, the herald was the petizan of a foe, and was indeed a foe himself: but Ottokar was a friend, was a kinsman, was a guest, who had trusted to the laws of knightly hospitality and knightly honour; laws, which had been found insufficient to preserve his life.

Conscience and his wife's reproaches, had awakened Rudiger to a full sense of his guilt; but instead of being beneficial, fatally dreadful were the effects which this conviction produced upon his character. He was not a villain; on the contrary, crimes filled his soul with horror and indignation; nay, he possessed a thousand noble, generous, and heroic feelings; but he was the slave of tempestuous passions, and even in the most laudable movements of his nature, he might rather be said to detest vice, than to love virtue.

Now then, when he saw himself on a sudden the object of his own abhorrence, of that abhorrence which he had formerly expressed so loudly and so warmly against others; when he heard the bitter reproaches of Magdalena, and felt in all the agony of his soul, that her reproaches were deserved; he sank at once into the deepest gloom of despondency, into all the horrors of self-loathing, and all the bitterness of mental misery. He indulged no wish of reparation; he formed no plan of repentance;

he sought no excuse for his crime: he rather exaggerated its atrocity. What he now felt towards Gustavus was no longer suspicion, or jealousy, or ill-will! No, it was the deepest, deadliest hatred; it was a burning thirst for vengeance, which the blood of the whole family of Orrenberg seemed scarcely enough to quench. He was guilty, he was the most execrable of mortals, he was odious in his own eyes: and what punishment could be inflicted too severe on the man who made him so? That man was Gustavus: on Gustavus he swore to be revenged with the most dreadful imprecations: the magnitude of this one crime made him consider all future ones as but of little account, and he became the more a villain from his very abhorrence of vice.

(To be Continued.)

#### AN INSTANCE OF EXCUSABLE FRIGHT.

A lady of my acquaintance in France related to me a story which happened to herself. The circumstance took place at Lyons; she was, at the time, a young girl, and her chamber was on the first floor. It was a custom at that time, as in other catholic countries, for the monks to go about at midnight, on a particular night in the year, ringing a small bell, and calling upon every one, in a solemn tone of voice, to pray for the dead. They had just awoken her with this sad ceremony, when she heard a noise below, and presently something began to mount the stairs, dragging a chain; she became more alarmed on finding it come nearer, till, her door being ajar, it entered the room; and, coming towards the bed, her fright increased, till it jumped on her bed. This deprived her of all power of speech or motion. After some minutes recovering a little, she put out her hand, and found it was a large monkey, that was kept chained in the lower part of the house; but who, having got loose, had leisurely entered the room, and placed himself in that situation.

#### ADDISON.

The daughter of this great ornament of literature, Lady Warwick, died but a few years ago, and left five hundred pounds for the purpose of raising a monument to his memory. Lord Bradford, who is one of her executors, and a descendant of Lady Warwick's family, anxious that due honour should be paid to the memory of such a distinguished Poet, such a pure moralist, and such an enlightened supporter of Christianity allotted the task to Mr. Westmacott, adding five hundred pounds to the bequest. This ingenious artist has made a fine statue of Addison, which is placed in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, and which will soon be opened for public inspection.

#### MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS.

Virtue is never more safe than when it is afraid to appear upon the theatre of the world, where it is too much exposed to vanity. All other vices are propagated by vices—but vanity subsists and grows by the show we make of virtue.

We do not always converse with men of reason to learn what we ought to do—but it is good to learn sometimes of others what we ought to avoid.

All men would be happy—but the greatest part of our life is spent in seeking after happiness, and frequently it falls out that we know not where to fix.

#### MAXIMS.

There is no enmity so dangerous as that which comes masked with love. Open hostility calls us to our guard, but there is no fence against a trusted enemy.

Open defiance is better than false love.

Oppression is able to make a wise man mad; and the greater the courage is, the more painful the insultation.

If discretion do not hold the reins, good intentions will both break their own necks and the rider's.

Faithfulness is oftentimes more clamorous than truth.

#### For the New-York Weekly Museum.

#### SONNET.

#### TO HENRICUS.

How sweetly mournful, and how soft the strain,  
When pensive HENRICUS breathes forth his lay;  
The flowing tear, that steals devoid of pain,  
The sympathizing sigh, we justly pay.

In love so chaste, such pathos in his wo,  
What heart can e'er refuse soft pity's sigh;  
What heart so dull, that should not warmly glow  
As his effusions meet the admiring eye.

And when Religion with seraphic zeal,  
Inspires his strain, and lifts the ardent soul  
To scenes on high, we his devotion feel,  
And bow to his persuasive soft control.  
Accept this wish HENRICUS, from my heart,  
To feel the consolation you impart.

#### JULIA FRANCESCA.

#### NANCY COOPER.

#### A SONG, FROM THE ORIGINAL IRISH.

How majestic thy neck, how enchantingly fair!  
How softly resplendent the hue  
Of thy long golden locks, that enamour the air,  
And the hearts of fond gazers subdue!

Wherever thou art blooming branch of delight!  
All beauty beside disappears—  
Like pearls set on coral, thy teeth are so white—  
And thy look like a May morning cheers.

Benevolence sits on thy brow—'tis her throne;  
Thy bosom is Pity's pure shrine;  
A thousand fond youths in despondency groan  
That have gazed on thy features divine.

Yet why should I fear benedictions to pour,  
(Notwithstanding my fate it should be,  
To increase that unfortunate number one more)  
Oh, sweet Nancy Cooper! on thee!

#### SONG.

#### The idea from the German.

How still was the moment, how sweet was the scene,  
The breeze scarcely ruffling the leaf of the grove;  
And the spirit of freshness that breathed on the green,  
Seemed to cool, with his breath, to a holiness Love!

I met the dear Maid by the moon lighted bower;  
I held her resigned to the throbb of my breast,  
And I swore, by the still and the heavenly hour,  
That my heart, without her, would be hopeless un-  
blest!

I spoke of the bliss that belonged to the few,  
Whom Love had enlightened with feelings the  
same,  
And I asked, with the fervour of anxiousness true,  
If affection, with Laura, was only a name.

I felt the fine tremour, her bosom that shook,  
As passion, in murmurs, replied from her soul;  
And I knew that her soul was sincere in a look,  
When a tear on her cheek, from her meeting eye  
stole!

Blest drop! of more worth than the gift of the mine!  
For that instant, reflected, in thee was displayed  
The chaste queen of the night, who acknowledged  
the sign,  
And smiled on the tear of the fond loving Maid

I gazed—and my eyes seemed to have but one ray,  
There centered—Earth, Heaven, had vanished  
from thee—  
And I saw but the tear, that was fading away,  
And the image of purity stamped on the gem!

#### AFFECTING STORY.

ORLANDO was a tall, thin, strong man, well-made, and a very genteel person. His face was pale and marked with the small-pox; his features were good, and yet there was something fierce in his look, even when he was not displeased. He had been humoured in every thing from his cradle, on account of his fine estate: from his infancy to his manhood he had been continually flattered and indulged in every wish, however extravagant.

Belinda was beautiful and highly accomplished. Her vivacity was great, and her understanding extraordinary; but she had a satirical wit, and a vanity that made her delight in exhibiting the weakness of other minds and the clearness of her own conceptions. She was too good, however, to have the least malice in such conduct. It was human frailty, blended with a desire to make her neighbours wiser.

Notwithstanding these latent seeds of dissension, the youthful pair lived, for a time, in harmony and tenderness. One melancholy evening, Maria (sister of Belinda) called on them with an expensive fan she had purchased, and was tedious in praising some Indian figures which were painted on it. Belinda, who had a taste for painting, said the colors were fine, but the images ridiculous and despicable. To this Maria replied, with some heat, and the husband pre-emptorily insisted on it, that she was right. This opinion he maintained with such injudicious obstinacy, that Belinda was offended, and reflected with some severity on the despotic tempers of self-sufficient husbands. Marriage, she said, could not licence a husband to be unjust, nor entitle him to treat his wife as a slave. If this were to be the case in matrimony, women had better bear the reproach and solitude of antiquated virginity, and be treated as the refuse of the world in the character of old maids. This just, but too lively speech, enraged Orlando to the last degree, and from a fury he sank in a few minutes into a sullen silence. This gloom he preserved during the half-hour for which our author, who was witness to the whole dispute, remained at their house; revolving probably the sad tragedy he was about to act.

Belinda soon perceived she had gone too far. She smiled, wept, asked pardon, but all in vain. When this beauty, says our author, stood weeping by his chair, exclaimed, 'Forgive me my love, it was only in raillery I spoke! and let our pleasures and pains be hereafter honestly shared together.' I remember the tears burst from my eyes, for I was yet but a boy, and I quitted the room. It was frightful to look on the enraged husband: he shook, started, and wildly stared, in horrible meditation.

At ten o'clock Orlando withdrew to bed without uttering a word. Soon after he lay down he pretended to be asleep; and his wife rejoicing to think him so, in hopes that nature's soft nurse would calm the raging operations of his mind resigned herself to slumbers painful though innocent. No sooner did frantic Orlando perceive her situation, than he plunged a dagger in her breast! The wretched maniac repeated the strokes while she had life to speak to him, in the tenderest manner conjuring him to let her live, and not sink himself in perdition here, and hereafter, by her death! In vain she prayed: he gave her a thousand wounds, and fled when he found her convulsed by nature's last throbs, to a little lodge he had in the country, about twenty miles from Dublin. His victim, however, lived to disclose the sad circumstances of her death to her terrified maid, by whose representations the magistrates dispatched one John Mansel, a constable, a bold and strong man, in search of the murderer. Mansel soon discovered the place of his retreat, and, armed with a case of pistols and a hanger, watched about the lodge, with determined perseverance. He long watched in vain, for Orlando lived by himself, well secured by strong bolts and bars; and only went out now and then to a public-house, in the master of which he could confide. Near this house, at break of day, Mansel at length found the offender, and on his refusing to be made a prisoner and cocking a pistol to defend himself, Mansel presented his piece. Both fired at once, and both fell! Orlando was shot in the heart, and the officer of justice in the brain. 'They were both brought,' says our writer, 'to Dublin, on one of the little low-backed cars there used, and I followed the car from the beginning to James-street, the outside of the city, all through the town. Orlando's head hung dangling near the ground, with the face upwards, and his torn bloody breast bare. Of all the faces of the dead which I have contemplated, none ever looked like him. There was an anxiety, a rage, a horror, a remorse in it, that no pen nor pencil could describe.'



# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 24, 1809.

**Fatal Accident.**—On Thursday about noon, a water-cask which had been placed upon a small shed adjoining a large building in Fletcher-street, for the purpose of catching rain water, broke from its fastenings, rolled from off the roof, and fell upon the head of Mr. George Michael Smitzer, as he was driving by, with his cart, which instantly put an end to his existence. We understand that this unfortunate man was a German, and has left a wife and 3 children. He lived on the corner of Elizabeth and Broome Streets, where he kept a Grocery.

Mr. Adv.

On Friday evening, the 16th inst. between 9 and 10 o'clock, two small wooden buildings, in Front-Street, near Peck-Slip, were consumed by fire. A dead calm prevented extensive mischief, as almost all the surrounding neighbourhood consists of light wooden houses. There are strong reasons to make us believe that it was the work of some incendiary.—Similar attempts have been made at Newburyport, R. I. and at Savannah, Georgia, happily, however, without having done any material damage.

Drowned, on Saturday, the 10th inst. near Providence, Rhode-Island, Mr. Nathan Allen, aged 47, his son Henry, aged 13, and George, aged 10.—They had gone down the river to fish, and were laying at anchor near Kinnimicut, when a sudden squall upset the boat.—Another son of Mr. Allen was on board, who clung to the mast until he was taken off by some people from a sloop coming up the river.

On the 2d ult. a combat took place in Easton, Maryland, between Mr. John Roberts, and Mr. James H. Chaulk. The former proving too hard for the latter, he repaired to the house, and got his gun. Mr. Roberts borrowed a gun from a neighbouring house, and in the road, opposite the residence of Mr. Chaulk, they renewed the quarrel; when Mr. Roberts received the contents of his adversary's gun through the head, and expired. The offender was committed to jail.

A duel was fought at New-Orleans, on the 23d ult. by Lieut. Chruise, late of the Marine Corps, and Dr. Heap, surgeon in the Navy.—Distance five yards. Each of them received a wound in the right thigh; but neither are supposed to be dangerous.

A stranger of good mien and interesting appearance, had engaged the sympathies of a number of respectable inhabitants of Blockley township, in the state of Pennsylvania, for a fortnight past. He was taken ill with the Small-Pox, at an Inn near the first gate, on the Philadelphia and Lancaster turnpike road. On inquiry by the host and hostess, he informed them, that his name was Williams, and that he had been in the city making large purchases of goods, which he had dispatched for Pittsburgh, on their way to Kentucky, 800 miles distant, where he had a large store and valuable possessions. He was unmarried, but he had a mother he tenderly loved, and many very dear relations.

He was importuned by the benevolent host and hostess to permit intelligence of his situation

to be forwarded, but he requested it might not be done.

His mother would be inconsolable, and his relations would hurry on their way to visit him. Before they arrived his fate would one way or other, be determined, and their toils and great inconvenience would be fruitless. A physician of talents was immediately sent for, and attended his patient with skill and regularity. Lest the qualifications for nursing of the females of the family, should not be competent, a respectable relation of the land-lady was sent for. The patient took an uncommon attachment to her, as he said she exactly resembled his mother. All medical aid and every kind and incessant attention were afforded. A stranger far from his relations and friends excited the compassion, and received the humane assistance his situation demanded. But in vain every endeavour. He died on Friday 9th of the Small Pox of the confluent and most inveterate kind. A proof of the folly and danger so fatal to those who neglect the easy and sure means of safety in the modern practice both of inoculation and vaccination. Whatever had been his life, let his death be monitory. Reader—before you drop a tear of regret, know, this unhappy and compassionate stranger was one of remarkable and distinguished character. He has often been portrayed in our public prints, in terms of peculiar description. He had escaped the destiny decreed for him through the tender mercies of the pardoning power exercised in a neighbouring state, where he was condemned to die; but reprieved under the triple tree. His qualifications for deception did not forsake him in the hour of death; which did not wait for legal forms. This celebrated personage was the noted Williams, the Horse Thief; too well known for his achievements in the way of his profession, in the southern states, and too little known to them who afforded him their assistance in the last act of his drama.—Their benevolence to this inconsistent miscreant is not the less meritorious because he was undeserving of it. Their reward must be found in heaven; for his history is all he has left. This was discovered on inquiry after his death, in the city, where he spent sometime lately, at a reputable lodging house, under an assumed character.

*Elegant accomplishment in the most beautiful display of the vegetable kingdom.*

**WILLIAM LOVEBOROUGH,**  
PROFESSOR OF WAX-WORK  
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His terms for learning the above accomplishments are but ten dollars, a knowledge of which may be obtained in a few weeks, with only an attendance of two or three hours a day.

Old cases of Wax-Work taken in exchange; and the highest price given for sea-shells.

June 10 1060—4t

**WANTED IMMEDIATELY.**

An Apprentice to the Printing Business None need apply unless well recommended. Inquire at this Office. May 13.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office.

## MARRIED.

On the 26th ult. Mr. Noah Totten, to Miss Maria Stone, both of this city.

On the 30th of April last, by the Rev. Mr. Jesse Oakley, Mr. William Pope, of the United States Navy, a native of Maryland, to Miss Eliza Morray, of this city.

On Thursday the 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. R. Howard, of the house of Howard, Whelps and Co. to Miss Margaret Taylor, eldest daughter of John Taylor, Esq. all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Charles Lawton, to Miss Sophia Wilson, both of this city.

On Monday evening last by the Rev. Dr. Miller Mr. Eliphalet Williams, merchant, of the house of B. W. Rodgers and Co. to Miss Rebecca Phoenix, daughter of Daniel Phoenix, Esq. all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. William Keith Mr. John Stebbins to Miss Mary Brown, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. John Stanford, Capt. Daniel W. Crocker, to Miss Clarissa Hackstaff, daughter of Capt. Lodwick Hackstaff, all of this city.

At Huerlam, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. J. Jackson Mr. Thomas Bate, to Miss Margaret Richardson.

At Brooklyn, on Monday the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. Richard Smith, merchant, to Miss Sarah Davis, both of that place.

At New-Orleans, George W. Morgan, Esq. Treasurer of that territory, to Miss Sarah Nicholson, of Philadelphia.

At Ipswich, Mr. Mark Ross, aged nineteen, to the blooming Miss Betsey Teelock, aged seventy!

## DIED.

On Friday morning, the 16th inst. Mr. Joseph Meeks, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city. At Richmond, Capt. Wm. Richardson.

## PORTRAIT PAINTING.

JOHN WALDO has removed his apartments over Messrs. Cleveland and Hide's store, No. 166, Broadway, where he purposes to remain a few weeks, and offers his services, in the line of his profession, to the ladies and gentlemen of this city.

Mr. W. has a few specimens of his painting at his rooms, and will be happy to exhibit them to ladies and gentlemen.

June 3 1059—3t\*

## FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS,

AMONG WHICH ARE

a fine assortment of ribbons, silk and cotton cords, ornamented muslins, silk and willow for ladies' hats, black and white gimps, willow flats, silk and cotton beltings, vulture and ostrich feathers ornamented and coloured, silver star garlands, Beaufort caps, chinnelles, bugle tyers and ornaments, silver and gold buttons, do. loops; silk, cotton, and cambric buttons; black and white sattins, pelongs, sarnets, crapes, &c. together with a parcel of straw and other hats, and artificial flowers, which will be sold cheap together, or in lots to suit milliners, or by retail.—Also, a constant supply of knitting, netting, and sewing cotton, both white and coloured, of the best qualities, and at the lowest rates.

J. C. WATSON.

207, Greenwich-Street,  
Between Barclay and Vesey Streets.

June 3. 1809. 1059—tf

## CISTERNS

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NO. 3, PECK-SLIP,

THE

## CHARMS OF LITERATURE.

Consisting of an Assemblage of curious and interesting pieces in Prose and Verse. Among the contents, are, Murder Will Out, the Dying Daughter to her Mother, the Patriotic Clergyman, the American Farmer, the Forest Boy, &c.

ELLEN;  
OR,  
THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

THE WORDS BY THE REV. H. B. DUDLEY.

Near the bright winding stream so far-famed and wide flowing,  
By mossy heaths, and blue-bells arrayed with such pride,  
Grew ELLEN, a floweret with tints softer glowing,  
More sweetly to deck the fair banks of the Clyde.

But ah! she was woo'd! she was won!—and forsaken  
That May-morn when dress'd to be DONALD's true bride!  
In silence she drooped, 'till—no hope left to waken,  
Despair drove her wild at—the falls of the Clyde.

To the waters high swoln, and disturbed from their sources,  
(Like her own heaving bosom) all frantic she hied,  
And in grief that was tearless pursued their rough courses  
'Till boundless they rushed to—the falls of the Clyde!

The rock-birds took wing, soaring high, and affrighted,  
For her tresses unbraided, flew wanton and wide;  
She passed but to gaze, as with horror delighted,  
Then plunged mid the surge of—the falls of the Clyde!

The torrent's white foam a cold winding-sheet gave her,  
The pale corps of ill-fated ELLEN to hide.  
But swift bore it down (that no succour might save her)  
Fathoms dreadful, and deep—at the falls of the Clyde!

And now (as old Foresters tell the sad story)  
By moon-beams of midnight her fair form will glide,  
When the air's filled with wailings, as if to implore  
To pity the shade of—the falls of the Clyde!

SMOAKING A SEGAR.

Drop'd in an elbow chair Fumoso sat,  
With legs divaricating, and with heels  
Reclining on the stove's projecting plate,  
Around his head in sombre volumes rolled,  
The clouds of pungent smoke, from volute leaf,  
Of plant perfum'd, delicious with the scent  
Of od'rous bean, dear bought and brought from far!  
His head sublime, thrown back in lofty state,  
The ceiling's height contemplates; nor disturbed  
Its musing trance, except betimes to squint  
The sputtering streams of bland saliva off,  
Nor minds the plaints of Betty or of Jack,  
For brass resplendent sullied, or the spouts  
That mar the nicely blacken'd, shining face  
Of Franklin's economic fount of heat.  
While on the mantle stands the cheering glass  
Of Gallic cordial, tempered with the stream  
Of gentle nature, which erewhile he sips,  
And feels his soul expand, and dreams of bliss  
Supreme, in Fancy's airy vision lost.  
In his mind's eye he sees the blooming fair  
Simper, or smile upon him;—she, for whom  
He almost would resign the fragrant fumes  
Of lov'd Segar, and purify his breath.  
But now ambition fires his swelling thoughts,  
With schemes of public good. He dares to court  
And win the people's voice. The Senate hears  
His voice, resounding in the spacious hall,  
And patriots listen while Fumoso rails;  
His hand aloft extending, waves sublime  
In circle bold—alas! the blazing top  
Of taper sunk it strikes—the light's extinct!  
His knuckles too are sing'd!—the charm dissolves!  
His last Segar begins to scorch his lip;  
The drowsy watchman bellows 'Dwell a glock!'  
Fumoso starts! relumes the extinguished wick,  
And sadly silent seeks the sweets of sleep,  
Sic transit gloria mundi.

TORTOISE'S SHELL COMBS,  
FOR SALE BY  
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER  
FROM LONDON,  
At the sign of the Golden Rose,  
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or-  
namented Combs of the newest fashion—also Lad-  
ies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball  
far superior to any other for softening beautifying  
and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agree-  
able perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that  
holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small  
compass

Oudours of Roses for smelling bottles  
Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples red-  
ness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after  
shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s  
bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the  
hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey  
4 and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted  
Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste for washing the  
skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per  
not, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder for the  
teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural col-  
our to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or  
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin  
Smith's superfine Hair Powder. Almond powder  
for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, gloss-  
ing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from  
turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Po-  
matums, 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a  
most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box  
Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chym-  
ical principles to help the operation of shaving 3s  
and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box  
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books  
Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton  
Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold  
\* \* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic  
Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-  
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn  
combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving  
but have their goods fresh and free from adultera-  
tion, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatum  
Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

ROOMS TO LET.

Two or three Rooms, to let for the summer season,  
in a genteel house at Brooklyn, in a retired spot—  
And two or three Gentlemen can be accommodated  
with Board. Inquire of Mr. Chichester, at the New  
Ferry, Brooklyn.  
May 20. 1057 tf.

THOMAS MORTON,

Begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public,  
that he has removed to No. 92 William-street, the  
store occupied by the late Mrs. Brasher: where he  
has for sale the following fancy and staple articles—

Damask and diaper table cloths  
Fine French cambrics and linens  
Twilled cotton sheetings  
6-4 wide checks and bed ticks  
Chintz, calicoes and ginghams  
Fancy shawls, silk, cotton and camels hair  
Ladies and gentlemen's silk and cotton hose  
Gentlemen's English black silk extra sizes do,  
India book, cambrics and mulmull muslins  
Plain, Fancy, and Doras Pelongs  
Ribbons, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings  
Fancy Vesting, Cassimeres and Cloths  
Cotton Yarn for Sewing, Knitting and Drawing  
Pins, Tapes, velvet Binding and Fans  
White and coloured Threads, floss silk and Thread,  
with a variety of other Articles, which will be sold  
low, wholesale and retail.  
May 27 1058—tf

RICHARD MULHERAN,

Has for sale at his stores, No 12 Peck's Slip, and at  
Greenwich, opposite the State Prison Barracks, a  
great assortment of Dry Goods, consisting of Super-  
fine and Second Cloths, Cassimeres, Swansdown,  
Flannels, Cotton Cassimeres, Russia Diapers, Cotton  
Undershirts, Black and White Cambric Muslins, Cal-  
icoes, Furniture Dimities, India Lustrings, Cotton  
and Thread Laces, Blue and White Gurrells, Ma-  
moodies, Cotton Cards, &c. which he will sell on mod-  
erate terms for cash.

The store at Greenwich will continue open till  
the first of November.

CHARLES SPENCER,

CONFECTIONER,

Inform his Friends and the Public, that he has re-  
moved to No. 118, Broadway, opposite the City hotel,  
where he carries on his business in its various bran-  
ches, and hopes, by strict attention, still to deserve  
public patronage. Families supplied with Plum-  
cake iced and neatly ornamented—Tea-cakes of every  
description—Pyramids, Ice cream, Blanch-monge,  
Jellies, &c—Country Orders punctually attended to—  
March 11. 1047—6m

LEWIS FORTNET

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in  
general, that he has removed to No. 156, Broadway,  
where he solicits a continuation of their custom, and  
flatters himself that the quality of his stock and his  
attention to business, will meet with their approba-  
tion. He has lately received, by arrivals from Liver-  
pool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl  
Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and  
Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz pins  
Bracelets and Rings

ON HAND,

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real  
Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Plain and  
Cornelian Keys; Gold Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Rings,  
Lockets, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea,  
and Desert Spoons; Soup Ladles and Fish Knives;  
Tortoise-shell, Dressing, and Fine Combs, Scissors,  
Penknives, Best Whitechapel Needles in quarters,  
and a great variety of other articles too numerous to  
mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic  
Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the short-  
est Notice.

January 28.

1041—tf.

S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK.  
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,  
FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3 Peck-Slip  
and at the Proprietors 48 Frankfort-street—  
May 13

JUST RECEIVED

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

THE EXILE OF ERIN,

A NEW NOVEL

BY MISS GUNNING.

ALSO

THE COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION;

OR,  
INSTRUCTIONS AND HELP

FOR  
THE RIGHT RECEIVING OF THE LORD'S  
SUPPER.

JUST IMPORTED,

HAIR SEATING FOR COVERING  
CHAIRS AND SETTEES,

As low as any in New-York. For sale at No.  
237, Water-Street, New-York.

JOHN I. POST.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON  
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE